

# HOP HARVEST.

PICTURESQUE SCENES IN CENTRAL NEW YORK.

An Invading Army of Hop Pickers From Surrounding Towns—How the Hops Are Picked—Busy Scenes.

In a realistic illustrated account of the annual hop harvest in Central New York, which is the headquarters of the hop industry in the East, Frank Leslie's Weekly says: This hop-picking begins the first or second week in September. It depends, of course, on the weather and the kind of hops grown. This year the season is backward, and late hops may yet be tripped by the frost. The vines must be stripped without delay, and so there is a great demand for "help." Everybody, without regard to age, sex, or previous condition of servitude, is welcomed. Great preparations are made to feed the invading army of workers. The house-



THE LAST LOAD OF HOPS.

wife prepares big "batches" of cakes, pies and crullers. The hop "hands" like to go where there is a good table. Those who set a poor table soon become known and are avoided. The majority of pickers come from near-by towns and cities, Utica, Oneida, Rome and Syracuse furnishing their quota. The other day I met a heavy wagon-load of women, young and old, going to the fragrant fields. The party came from Syracuse, so I heard. They were all in high spirits, laughing, joking, calling out to every passer-by, and breaking forth at short intervals into song. The girls seemed happy in the thought that at last they were out of the city and in the country, where there is no style and no policemen. When "help" is scarce, the hop-growers advertise in the newspapers for pickers. Their tempting inducements, which appear in the "want" column, must not be taken literally, as the following will show: "Wanted—Fifty hop-pickers for the finest place in Otsego County; one minute's walk from the village; fine table board; boating, fishing, riding, dancing and music; fare both ways." Some notices state that "women are preferred." The chief reason is that women are quiet, industrious, and give less trouble than the men. In days gone by the hop-yard was often the scene of fierce fighting and bloody affrays. The "roughs" from cities were involved in drunken rows and provoked general disorder. Sometimes the presence of the women-folk rather added to than allayed the trouble. To nip disturbance in the bud the grow-



HAGGING HOPS.

ers have deputy constables sworn, and the hop hands are afraid to incite mischief when they are almost sure of being lugged off to the village "lock-up," if fined, or sent to jail. In large hop-yards from 100 to 200 people are employed.

Most of these are either boarders or lodged during the season. One of the largest hop-yards in the country lies a few miles south of Waterville. The yard, with its seemingly endless rows of poles, is as well kept as a garden. Here, in September, a gang of pickers herd like dogs in a kennel. They room in rude cabins fitted with "bunks" in Bowery lodging house style. Two or three years ago some hop growers had Italians come



PICKING HOPS.

from New York. The "tagos" proved clumsy and inefficient, and in most cases the experiment has not been repeated. Perhaps the most expert hop pickers are the Indians and half-breeds from New York and Canadian reservations. They have their own food supplies and cook for themselves. They are peaceable, industrious people. Once in a while, during the picking season, a brave takes too much "fire-water," but more often after the season is over, when he has been paid. Many a grower sends his hired man with a large wagon in which pickers are conveyed to the yard in the morning and back to their homes in the night. It is surprising how many young people flock to the yards and take part in the picking. Many look forward to

picking that breaks through manly reserved and maidenly modesty. The boys and girls side by side whisper short messages for two ears; merry jests and sharp repartees are bandied from lip to lip; often there is a stiv pressure of hands which is explained when the day's picking is over.

The hop crop is picked in boxes which hold from seven to eight bushels. These boxes are ingeniously constructed and

have four compartments contained in a main box. There are four pickers to a box, two on a side, each one having his or her own section to fill. Then there are "pole-pullers" who attend to some six or eight pickers, or to four or five if the crop is light. These men pull the poles from the ground and cut the hop-vines near the root. The poles and strings rest on a support at the end of the box for the convenience of the pickers. The puller is also a box-tender, seeing that leaves are not mixed in with the hops. He also "keeps tally" of the number of bushels or boxes picked. When a box or section is filled, the "tender" is notified and the contents are emptied into a sack. Twice a day the sacks are gathered and taken to a kiln in



the hop-house and there dried. The hops must be lightly and evenly scattered, not pressed down or packed. After being subjected to a heat never rising above one hundred and thirty degrees, they are bleached with brimstone to the right color. The hop-pickers are paid by the box, and according to whether they board themselves or not. The rates of wages are regulated usually by the Hop Growers' Association, which fixes the scale just before the season opens. This year the prices are twenty-five cents per box with board, and forty-five cents per box without board. There is a wide difference in the amount which a picker will gather in a day, ranging all the way from two boxes for a slower worker to four and even five boxes for an expert one. The competition between these experts is not the less keen because it is good-natured. The rivals have a "setting"—that is, three rows on each side of the box, and six poles from the end—and the boxes and pickers move forward to another setting.

The morning hours pass all too quickly, when dinner-time comes. Many of the pickers bring their own lunches, and so, in some shady nook or secluded corner, or beneath the spreading branches of a big tree, the noonday meal is spread, with the green sod for a table. It is one of the features of the day—this eating, gossiping, laughing time. Dinner over, the work goes on, but the afternoon hours seem long drawn-out. The young folk grow restless and tired. Oh, if something would only happen! The expected does happen when some one cries, "Hop sack!" Then, if the picker be a comely lass, she must be dumped in her own box, before it can be properly emptied. Again, the mischievous boys claim a kiss when they find a vine which grows in the form of the letter O. The gray shadows of the autumn sun creep foot by foot over the hop-yard, and the end of the day's work

is announced by a shout and a yell that would not disgrace Onondaga Indians. There is a general rush, or "break," for home and supper. In large hop-yards, where a hundred or more "hands" are employed, there is something going on every evening during the picking season. After supper, a circle of choice spirits will gather on the moonlit side of the kiln, and there play "kissing games"—"postoffice" and "forfeits"—and sing Gospel hymns and also popular songs. The hop dances are often wild and boisterous affairs, and need to be seen to be enjoyed.

## Curious Habits of Ants.

An amusing instance has been witnessed of the artifice to which the workers sometimes resort in order to retain a queen in the colony. When she shows a disposition to fly away they forcibly detain her, strip off her wings and convey her back to the nest in triumph a prisoner closely guarded, but one to be treated with all the courtesy and consideration that the ingenuity of the ant can suggest.

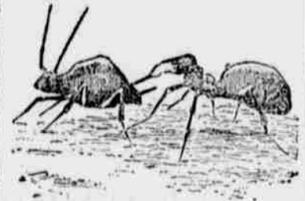
The peculiar habit of some ants is their disposition to furnish their own habitation with slaves at the expense of



SLAVES IN ATTENDANCE ON THE QUEEN.

neighboring communities. They assemble in large numbers and set out on marauding expeditions, capturing nests by assault and carrying off the slaves and young in the teeth of opposition, to be brought up in their own colony to work for their captors.

Another curious and interesting habit of some ants is their cultivation of the ant cow, an insect from which they obtain a kind of honey. The cows are not admitted to the habitation of the ants, but have a separate establishment built for them by their masters, who rear their young with as much care as they bestow on their own. The ant cow derives the milk that it yields from the sap of plants which it sucks, and its master frequently depends almost entirely on it for food supplies for itself and young.



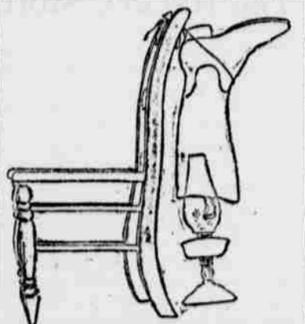
ANT MILKING AN ANT COW.

The liquid sometimes flows spontaneously from the cow, but the ant can obtain it whenever needed by a process of milking.

Sir J. Lubbock has made some interesting experiments pointing to the fact that ants, by some means or other, contrive to recognize their kindred after long periods of separation.

## How to Dry Rubber Boots.

Rubber boots which have become wet inside, either from exposure or perspiration are dangerous to wear until dried out, and this is often a difficult task; many wear cork soles which can be taken out and dried, others fill their boots with hot oats at night, and others shake hot gravel in them to dry them.



EFFECTIVE WAY TO DRY RUBBER BOOTS.

out, but all these plans are only partly successful.

The illustration presents another plan which has the merit of being quickly accomplished, effective and new. A lamp is set on the floor, the boot is tied to the back of a chair, low enough so that the chimney extends well up into the boot leg, the lamp is lighted and turned up. The hot air goes just where it is needed and dries the boots.—American Agriculturist.

## The Origin of Some Flower Names.

It is interesting to trace the names of plants. For instance, the fuchsia, dahlia and magnolia were called after three ancient and celebrated botanists, Fuchs, Dahl and Magnol. Carrot means red, and Hawthorne is the Dutch for Hedge-thorne. It was once a custom to thread strawberries on a straw for sale, and so they received their name. Lavandula is the Latin name for lavender, and is said to come from the verb lavare, meaning to wash. We can trace the connection here by remembering that the plant was formerly used a great deal in the clothes press. Also, what is now a "laundry" was once a "lavatory." In Roman Catholic countries flowers were often given the names of saints or named after the Virgin, as St. John's wort, Basil-thyme, Marigold and Rosemary.—American Farmer.

# JAPANESE TRAITS.

QUEER HABITS AND BELIEFS OF AN ORIENTAL PEOPLE.

Japanese Baby Houses—Sleeping on Wooden Pillows—Child Nurses—Buddha in China and Japan—Buddhism vs. Shintoism.

JAPANESE children are amusing, says Eli Perkins in the New York Sun. As the houses are too small to live in during the day, the children all swarm into the street. Japanese children never think of playing in the house; there isn't room. The house is a doll's house, with no chimney and no fire except a half pint of charcoal burning in a little earthen bowl called a hauchi. There are no beds, chairs or tables. They all sit and lie on rice straw mats on the floor as primitively as a Comanche Indian family. The father and mother have a head rest of wood, but the children lie around like kittens.

"Don't that hard piece of wood hurt your neck?" I asked.

"No. Our necks are strong. We are used to it; but, see, there are five pieces of paper over the wood."

In the morning the babies are strapped to the backs of the children and turned loose into the street. Swarms of children can be seen any time in the streets romping and racing, each with a baby strapped to its back. In the midst of



HOW JAPANESE GIRLS SLEEP.

the most exciting games the babies will be sound asleep, while the bigger brother or sister will be running and screaming with laughter. As soon as a baby can walk its mother straps a big doll to its back. This is a sign of manhood or womanhood, and the baby boy is as proud of his doll as an American boy is of a pair of high boots; and a girl—oh, my! I saw a mother one day stirring some barley which she was boiling for the children, and said:

"Why don't your husband help you?"  
"Oh, he is too busy."  
"What is he doing?"  
"He is flying a kite."

Those children were laughing and playing with babies on their backs when I snapped my kodak on them. This so frightened them that their faces took on a look of alarm.

The Christopher Columbus, George Washington and St. Patrick of Japan is Buddha, often called the Daibutsu. His statues are everywhere. They confront you like the Madonnas of Raphael in Italy. There are five colossal bronze statues of this patron saint in Japan, distributed as follows: Kioto, 58 feet high; Nara, 53 feet high; Kamakura, 49 feet high; Hyogo, 48 feet high, and Tokio, 21 feet high. Besides, he is in every Buddhist temple and Shinto shrine in Japan. This statue represents Buddha in a Shinto shrine in Tokio. Underneath him are the Shinto saints or ancestors dressed up like Japanese dogs. He is always the same benign-looking old woman, with earrings and a shining jewel in his forehead. He seems to say to himself constantly, "I am perfection." Many of these statues were cast from six hundred to a thousand years ago. The children play hide-and-go seek around them and climb up into them, and the birds build nests in poor old Buddha's ears and nostrils. No one seems to have any conception of what Buddha is for. He is really the Sphinx of Japan.

When I asked N. Amenomori, the noted Japanese writer and linguist, what was the difference between the Buddhism and Shintoism he said:



FUNNY JAPANESE CHILDREN.

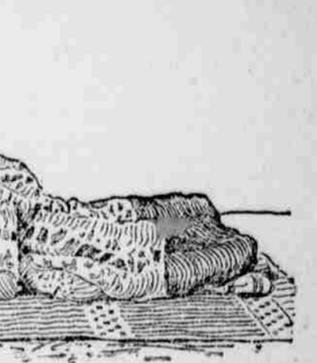
"Buddhism is a philosophical religion—a very philosophical religion. It is so philosophical that the common people can't understand it, and I can't explain it. It personifies all virtues, and people pray for these virtues." It is a religion. Buddha is always worshiped in a temple, as a personification of virtue.

"And Shintoism, what is that?" I asked.

"Shintoism means shrine worship. We don't have Shinto temples. They are shrines or mausoles. A Shinto shrine is really a burying ground—a place where distinguished ancestors are buried. We go to the Shinto shrine as you people go to Greenwood Cemetery, with a prayer upon their lips; it is not a religion; it is ancestor veneration. You have this same sentiment when you observe Decoration Day. I have seen Americans take off their hats at the first sight of an American flag in Tokio. A Shinto shrine is filled with monuments to illustrious warriors, teachers and poets. The Shoguns built their own shrines before they died. They are at Nikko, Tokio, and all over Japan. When the people enter these beautiful shrines and stand in the presence of the distinguished dead, they reverentially take off their hats, as you do at the tomb of Washington."

"You put Buddha in the Shinto shrines too?" I said.

"Yes, Buddha is always there. The Japanese and Chinese all respect Buddha. He was a god ancestor. Many blunder by calling the mausoles and shrines at Nikko temples. They are shrines lies the tombs of the Ming Emperors at Peking. To illustrate: Before the death of the second Shogun of the Tokugawa dynasty, he built in Nikko a magnificent shrine to his father Ieyasu. His father's body was carried from Tokio in great pomp, attended by the living Shogun and a representative from the Mikado at Kioto. It is simply a grand monument to the Tokugawa family. I hear the Vanderbilts and Goulds and other rich families in America have built mausoles or shrines in Greenwood



A JAPANESE STATUE OF BUDDHA.

praying. After praying they throw wads of paper, which they have chewed up in their mouths, at the statue of Buddah. If these wads stick they think their prayers are answered. If they fall off, the ignorant go away grumbling and displeased at Buddah."

The Shintoists believe in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and in the grounds of almost every Shinto shrine is a wall-eyed white horse. It has grown restless from being tied up and overfed by the people, and stands there wild-eyed and swaying like the wolf or bear in the zoological garden. Every worshiper imagines that the old horse contains the soul of some dead aunt, uncle or father.

## Condensed Milk.

Condensed milk is an American invention, and the method in foreign countries, as France and Switzerland, as well as in England, where the business is now carried on, is precisely the same as the American way. This is to evaporate the water from the milk by steam heat in vacuum pans, at such a low temperature as will entirely avoid danger of burning it. So that not only is steam needed to keep up the vacuum by air pumps and remove the vapor from the pans, but to furnish the heat. A ten-horse power boiler, or one to furnish steam for a ten-horse power engine, would do all the work for a small factory using 1000 pounds of milk daily. A two-horse power engine would do the pumping required to keep the vacuum perfect. This quantity of milk will furnish one-fourth as much condensed.—New York Times.

Leather cuirasses were used by the Romans in their early history.